

The Gleam

VOL. V.

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., November, 1926

No. 1

Memories

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret,
The hopes that cherished long were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us;
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he, perchance, though grief be un-availing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving,
When friends were few, the handclasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whatever of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

Anon.

A Noted Guest

An announcement in the morning paper created much excitement and many thrills through the corridors of Windmoor, as we learned that a "prince of the church" in the person of Cardinal Hayes of New York would visit us on October 23. His Eminence stopped over in Kansas City for just one day and for this reason we felt doubly honored and happy. "I really didn't expect any fine reception like this," said the Cardinal. "I just dropped off for a visit with my good friend Bishop Lillis."

His Eminence is a venerable, simple and kindly man with a fascinating easy manner and an eloquence which commands the attention of his every listener.

We found, however, that he was quite human. He regretted being attired as a civilian, saying had he known he was to meet so many fine girls he would have worn his "fancy clothes." The Cardinal continued and told us of his appreciation of the "Heart of America" and said many words in favor of the entire West, especially Colorado, with its innumerable wonders so rarely found in any other part of the United States. Of course, his theme included the mighty East with its boast of millions in population and skyscrapers.

As his talk closed, the students knelt to receive the formal blessing and the twinkle of mirth disappeared from his eyes. "For your penance—" all held their breath. "For your penance, I have decided to give you—" a pause and he continued, "a holiday."

Besides the Bishop, many nuns and priests from various parts of the city were assembled in the library where the Cardinal received each one personally.

We are very grateful to our Rt. Rev. Bishop Lillis, the Cardinal's host in this city, for bringing him to Windmoor and we feel very proud to have had the privilege of meeting such a revered, well-known, and beloved personage.

Catherine Lee Dever, 27.

The Candle Holder

"For I light my candle from their torches."—Burton.

Among the torches from which I shall light my little candle in this issue are our President, Mr. Coolidge, and Marie, Queen of Roumania.

* * *

Mr. Coolidge delivered a startling and fearless address at the dedication of the Liberty Memorial in this city on Armistice Day.

"—our main responsibility is to America," Mr. Coolidge tells us in view of the foreign controversy.

* * *

Marie of Roumania laid a wreath upon the memorial and spoke a few words of praise and appreciation in the evening of the same day.

* * *

Let us think of Marie, for a moment, not as a queen, but as a woman and a patriot. She is, as is generally known, in this country, looking for financial assistance for Roumania, and we hear so much criticism directed toward her that we rather lose sight of the fact that she must really suffer humiliation in the face of such comment.

Marie did not have to come to the United States to be treated as a queen and a lady. That respect is paid her in her own little country. But Roumania is almost impoverished since the war, and Marie who evidently feels like a mother to her pauperized people, knows that "nowhere else in the world" will she receive the help we can give her.

She is braving the adverse comment of our journals and those of Europe to pull her little domain out of the rut into which it was plunged by the war.

* * *

During the recent Charity Campaign carried on in this city I was reminded of a story by Turgenev every time I looked at the posters bearing the deep-eyed, hollow-cheeked woman and the inscription, "You don't know what it is to be hungry and tired."

* * *

"The son of a widowed peasant woman died, leaving her utterly dependent and despondent. He was a good son, and when the lady proprietor of the village heard of his death she called at the peasant woman's cottage to offer her consolation. She found the bereaved mother devouring huge laddles of meatless cabbage soup from the depths of a begrimed kettle. Her face was shrunken, and her eyes were red and swollen, even as she stood by the stove and swallowed spoonful after spoonful of the unsavory mess.

"Oh, how can she eat at such a moment," thought the lady, "but then, these people have such coarse feelings"—and she recalled her own grief at the loss of a hound a year before.

"Tatyana, how can you be so unfeeling? How can you stand there taking soup with your poor son's body barely cold, I am amazed." And the lady shuddered.

"My son is dead, my life is gone while I yet live, but the cabbage soup must not be wasted for it is salted."

The great lady shook her head in bewilderment and disgust.

She got her salt cheaply.

* * *

Over there! War! Bombs! Guns! Huns! Poilus! Doughboys! Dugouts! THE BIG PARADE! JOHN GILBERT!!!

CHARMIAN COFFIELD.

"Reading maketh a full man,
Writing an exact man,
Histories make men wise,
Poets, witty."

—Bacon.

The Gleam

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Editorials

With the Thanksgiving issue the Gleam will embark upon its fifth cruise. Its itinerary will be as complete as its varied. It will sail the waters of literature, drift among the islands of short stories, and skim over the sea of news. It will wind its course through the land of articles and into the renowned city of Alumnac. It will find great crumbs of knowledge in the Fructus inter Folia, and thrilling moments in the athletics. Until finally it will reach the climax of its voyage, the mecca of every Missouri school paper, Columbia! And then we hope—there it must bring home a rich cargo of honors.

Perhaps you are wondering who will steer this Gleam ship of ours. Why, the jolly good crew we have, of course! With plenty of material for food, advertisements for ballast, and subscriptions for fuel, what with the support and cooperation of every sailor and this means you from the warmest gob of a freshman to the cockiest senior officer, we can steer our course so wisely that we will return not empty handed, but with a precious cargo of honors to lay at the feet of our Alma Mater.

* * *

Now that the Gleam is off with a flying start, the various other activities are under way, and we all have our programs satisfactorily arranged, we are inclined to feel that we may take a long breath, let down a bit, and look forward to the more interesting Thanksgiving holidays. But before we sit down to that excellent turkey dinner, suppose we stop and think—it will be an impossibility afterwards, you know—and in the vernacular check-up on ourselves.

If you read the bulletin board as every well-informed student does, you will have noticed a placard telling of some of the

faults found by successful business men in our present high school students. One of them was failure of the students to realize their obligations. To use the vernacular again, it rather "struck home."

We all realize and meet our social obligations, and it's a bit wise to consider our family obligations. And of course, we never forget the ego obligation! But what about our obligations to our school? Somehow it is so very easy to let them slide by. We are not by any means paying for all we receive. We all realize that there is something which cannot be bought, and our school has that "something." There is an obligation there which we can repay only with ourselves. How can we do this? By being worthy of our title, a Saint Teresa girl—very few titles can mean more; by being interested in what is going on at school, not only during the hours from nine to three, but also from three to five; by giving our voluntary support to each activity without exception; by believing in our school with all our minds and hearts. It is this last point which is most important. If we believe the rest will come easy. We will want to make sacrifices if our school spirit necessitates them. If we do not believe, at least let us be big and broad enough, to be true sportsmen and not knock. Our obligation does not consist merely in attendance—we are not forced to be a member of our particular school—but it does consist, once we are there, in giving it a chance to give us its best, and that can only be attained by our unselfish cooperation.

* * *

We of the Gleam staff wish to take this opportunity to express our regret at the loss of one of our valuable members, Billie Bellport. It is another instance of that ancient truism concerning gain and loss. And we feel our loss is as great as California's gain.

Billie is a thorough Saint Teresa product, and one of whom we may be justly proud. During her ten years here, Billie has never failed to show that splendid spirit of cooperation and lively interest in everything whether it be sports, marching in a tedious parade, or listening to someone's troubles. It is this sterling quality which made so many friends for Billie; it is that which we hope she will always retain and cherish as the loving gift of her first Alma Mater.

The Real Thanksgiving

My first year of boarding school—of course I rejoiced that the coming Thursday was Thanksgiving because the term to me implied a holiday and a package of "goodies" from home. I found much excitement and interest in watching all the girls swarm about the desk to receive their parcels, and then came the thrill of knowing what "treasures" each box contained.

My second year at college—I was two hundred miles further away from home and I felt a tinge of homesickness when some of the girls boasted of their plans to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with their parents. However, when the event-

ful morning came I was in ecstasy over my beautiful "box." What great disappointment I would have experienced had it not arrived as scheduled!

Those two years I never stopped to think who was responsible for my happiness or what guiding power saw that my gift from home was delivered—yes, I realize now that my pleasure was all due to God.

Thanksgiving is no longer merely a twelve-letter word to me but I have a mental concept of what lies behind the term.

Thanksgiving was first observed in Plymouth colony. After a most severe winter during which half of the colonists lost their lives, a renewed hope grew with the summer and in the fall, when the corn crop had been gathered, Governor Bradford declared a day of Thanksgiving.

After all, one day is not enough in which to crowd in our prayers of thanks for all the blessings that have been bestowed upon us in the previous year. There are so many things to be thankful for—our home, our school, our teachers, and, in fact, "everything in the world." This year I shall not stand in line to receive my package but shall be able to spend a *real* Thanksgiving at home.

A. S. R., '27

Exchanges

The Font came to us early in the season as a new paper—and what delightful reading it furnishes! We are especially happy to know that Florentine Rutkowski, an alumna of S. T. C., is editor, and to find among the staff Lenadore Bass, '26, and Frances and Aurelia Coffey of the same class.

The Labarum from Mt. St. Joseph College in Dubuque, Iowa, is a most welcome visitor. Many of the students seem quite familiar to us this year with Catherine Clarke here to interpret them to us.

The Dial from St. Mary's College in St. Marys, Kansas, is one of our old friends. The oftener it comes the more we appreciate its merits.

The Ursuline Tidings is a newsy paper with many points of interest to students of Windmoor. This paper comes from the Ursuline College and Academy in Paola, Kansas.

Sonnet On Disappointment

Like a dark shadow which covers the sight
So quickly that you wonder how
'Twas ever day and not that dark, dark night,
Comes disappointment; black are things so light,
Things so near, a hand might reach to take
But just a few of life's treasures, held
So close in dreams, which, when we wake
Are gone like soap bubbles, children made.
Unshed tears, it does no good to cry
About the things that made life seem
Worth while. No use to ask the silly
"why"
When all our hopes are swiftly passing by.
Life cannot be just one grand lark and
When it's night, it's necessarily dark.
Lorene Soden, '26-'28.

A Decisive Game

Ted Werner, captain and right-half of the university's football team, sat in the corner of the locker room, dejectedly playing with the strap of his helmet.

"We're going to beat Penn. We've got to," he kept repeating over and over to himself, but each time reason got the better of determination, and he was forced to admit that it was well nigh impossible for his crippled eleven to beat the powerful Penn team. "If Dad would only be reasonable. He knows we can't win—that's why he picked this game."

To the strains of the University song and the cheers of the throng, the team led by Ted, trotted out on the field. Most of the regulars were on the bench or in the stands. The victory of the previous week had been a costly one.

A whistle, and the University team faced the huskies from Penn State. In the stands, while a furious battle was being waged before him, Theodore Werner, Sr., was congratulating himself on his ability to dope football games. His son's team was trailing 0-6, and Ted would leave college at the end of the semester. At the half he was still mentally shaking hands with himself. The score was still 6-0 in Penn's favor.

"Ted, old boy, you're sure fighting. Keep it up and you'll beat Penn State single-handed." The coach was urging his team on at the half. They'd keep Penn to a single touchdown—fight was all they could do.

"Coach, I've got to fight. Listen, fellows, we've got to win this game. If we don't win I'll have to quit school."

So that was it. Ted Werner's father had never wanted him to go to college. So he had chosen the most one-sided game of the season to decide whether Ted should continue or not. The old fossil! The indignation of the entire team was raised.

"That's all right, Ted, you've got two more years ahead of you, or we'll all jump into the Hudson tonight."

At the third quarter the score was still 6-0. Toward the last of the fourth quarter when the University had the ball, Penn did not seem to be able to hold them at all. Down the field they raced, Ted carrying the ball every time.

"Touchdown! Touchdown! New York U," pleaded the throng, and Ted Werner raced the remaining twenty yards and planted the ball behind the goal posts. Only a minute more. Would they make the extra point? The University's cheering section went wild as the ball, set off by a determined toe, sailed safely over the goal.

Ted Werner's college education was assured.

—Mary Margaret Savage, '27

A Twenty-first Century Home

A modern home of the next century will be very different from one of the present day. The bedrooms will occupy the first floor; the living room, dining room, kitchen, etc., will all be on the second floor; the reception room, garage

and landing place will be on the third floor. The aeroplanes will thus be conveniently located, will have an easier means of landing and will not take up so much space below the roof as those of the present day. The reception room and garage will be built somewhat after the fashion of an Indian pueblo.

The entrance on the first floor will be more for ornament than for use as the members of the household would naturally leave by way of the top floor in their individual machine or in the family one.

The present day stairs will have become obsolete and two or more perfected electric elevators will have taken their place.

Florence Dooley, '28.

The Car of My Dreams

A new car! It is the pride of my heart. I love to hear the noise that its vacuum tires make as they spin along the highway. Today it looks to my adoring eyes better than usual. It's long, low body is gleaming after a nice bath, and I am sure the nickel trimming would be the envy of many a crystal gazer. Even such trifling things as the bumpers are in good order, but then, they have not met with the accidents that occur in the lives of most automobiles. Some people would say that since my car is a roadster, it is not large enough. Perhaps they do not know that in the back there is a concealed seat, known as the "mother-in-law" seat. In cases of necessity, and often at other times, this may be used. As it is necessary to climb into this back seat by means of two little steps, some think it very inconvenient and difficult. But can we blame the poor innocent car for this. Tight skirts, not the steps, cause this inconvenience. Now of course you want to know the name of this famous car. It is—but where has it gone? All that remains are the pumpkins and the rats, that once were turned into a glorious roadster by imagination.

Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '27.

Initiation

FRESHMEN! Will you ever forget October eighteenth? Shining noses, mateless shoes, pulled back hair and castor-oil! The SENIORS!

What nervousness and what anticipation was experienced during the shortest English class of the year. The whole day was filled with suspense and anxiety as we wondered what was coming next. The college dignity which we had assumed in September received a severe blow when our school girl complexion was washed away by the mighty command of our SENIORS. The truth party (can we call it such), the mock lunch and the clammy handshake were accepted with greatest humility.

At three o'clock the bell sounded, the ties were loosed and our initiation was completed. We were FRESHMEN!

The fatigue which we so keenly felt was soon dispelled when we were graciously entertained by the heretofore "sophisticated Seniors." That day has passed but it will live forever in the memory of the FRESHMEN class.

Bernadine Kennedy, '28

The Bandit

Billy Conrad, slouched down in his seat, was doing sixty along the country road, quite oblivious of the fact that he was ruining the motor of his nice new car. Two days before Billy's uncle had presented him with a shining grey and red Packard sport car for no reason at all. But people were always doing things like that for him. Billy was such a happy-go-lucky chap, never doing a bit of real work yet always busy, in his own way, with dancing, golfing, etc. His had been a perfect existence until last night, when his little sister had run off and married some good-for-nothing fellow. Now Billy had to chase all over the countryside looking for a car just like his, reported to be carrying the bridal couple. He would not mind the chase if only his sister was not married. He had promised his folks before they had died, to get a duke or something for Cherry. Now she had married a nobody, and spoiled all of his chances of getting to the polo match that day.

But Billy was really doing some good. He had every motorcycle cop in the country after him—or the bridal couple—and they were getting a real workout. One could get a fine picture of the game from an airplane. One could see the network of roads winding up and down, in and out of the valley. The eye would next catch sight of two little grey bugs, miles apart, moving swiftly along the road with several little black dots, before, behind and in between them. Finally the second grey bug passed one black dot, and the occupant in the airplane could imagine the blank astonishment of the cop. Billy was rather astonished, too.

"Good night," he thought, "are the cops chasing me or am I chasing them?" But the chase soon stopped entirely for Billy, because the over-taxed engine of his nice, new car went blooey!

"I'll have to wait until one of those cops get here and then ride into town with him. But boy! What an expensive ride that is going to be."

Five minutes passed, and no cop had appeared.

"I wonder if they got tired of playing and went home. I'll spend a lonesome night here if they did. There's not even a signboard to read." Billy made a mental note to reprimand the signboard company for letting any space go to waste—"and I don't see a single chicken that I could have for my dinner." On both sides of the road were apple orchards in full bloom—but no apples.

Billy spied a wagon road going through one orchard and hoping it led to a farm house followed it. After going, perhaps, a hundred yards, he stopped in amazement, for he heard an orchestra playing "Show Me the Way to Go Home." He dashed out into the clearing and bumped into a girl; not a country maid, but an attractive person dressed in a smart pink and black chiffon tea gown. Behind her was a low, rambling stone house. The walls seemed to be formed entirely of French doors through which came the orchestra strains. The girl had been arranging tea glasses at a little table. There

were several such tables and some chairs scattered about the lawn, and Billy began to see light. Turning to the girl, who had been watching him nonplused while he made his observations, he exclaimed:

"What luck! Have I run across a country club?"

"Not a country club—my country home."

Billy looked crestfallen.

"Oh! Well, I hope you will forgive my trespassing. I just followed the road. You see—"

"It's quite all right," she smiled. "People often come in for apples or permission to pick the blossoms, which I never give." She looked at him meaningly. For some reason, he could not understand. He colored and became embarrassed.

"I—I should think not! You have a beautiful place here, and so extraordinary. That's a great orchestra in there—"

"I'm glad you think so, but it isn't a real orchestra, only an Orthoponic Victrola."

"Honest? Well, don't I hear people dancing?"

"Oh, yes. We are having little celebration."

"Gee, it sounds great. I love to dance—er—have you any tools?"

"Any particular kind, or aren't you particular?"

"No—yes—." Billy laughed. "I'm all rattled. I've given you the wrong impression. This is my card, and I'm really in trouble. My car broke down and I'm in a awful hurry. If I could fix it up or borrow a car—"

"I'm sorry. Our car is in use this afternoon, but we have a telephone. You could call a garage."

"Fine." They started towards the house.

"You know," said Billy, "you seem familiar to me." She sighed disdainfully.

"That's not idle conversation. I mean it. I'm sure I've known you before. What is your name? Please tell me," he urged as she hesitated.

"I'm Janice Kemper, and I'm sure you are mistaken. I've never known a Mr. Rawl."

"Kemper—Kemper." He had not heard the rest. "Kemper—. I know—were you in France during the war?"

"Yes, a nurse," she replied, becoming interested.

"And were you ever called 'Miss Temper,' by a doughboy patient?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried excitedly, after a moment's reflection.

"Well—I'm that doughboy."

"Really?" She held out her hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you again. But you're changed a lot. I would never have recognized you."

"Small wonder—it's been eight years. And then—I was sort of bandaged up."

"You surely were! Still, you were awfully ugly—and now—"

"Go on."

"Now, you're worse." But Billy felt sure she didn't mean it. Funny, how easily friendships, made during the war, can be broken and mended again. They had entered the house, and Janice beckoned to a man who was dancing. He and his partner came up.

"I want you to meet my brother, John, and his little bride." Billy looked into the eyes of Cherry.

"Cherry!" He forgot he was falling in love with her sister-in-law.

"Thank Heaven, I found you, you and your good-for-nothing husband. But don't worry. I'll see that he doesn't stay your husband."

The "good-for-nothing" husband was ready to fight for his honor, and his bride, but the bride interfered.

"Billy Conrad! I know my own mind. I've made my choice, and I'd like to see you or anybody else separate us."

"Why, Cherry, you're just a baby."

"If I'm a baby, you're a nuisance, and we will all thank you to leave."

Janice, who had been listening to the heated remarks, asked:

"Why did you give me a Mr. Rawl's card?" To which Billy replied angrily:

"It was a mistake, but I suppose you think I did it purposely so I could get into your house. Well, I'm leaving it and so is Cherry."

"I'm not!"

"You are."

"I'm not!"

"Stop it!" Janice cried. "Why are you so opposed to the marriage? Cherry is of age, so you can do nothing. If you hope to take her by force, we can prevent that too. Run into the library, Cherry."

"Do you think a mere wall can stop me?" Billy asked witheringly.

"Perhaps not a wall, but a county might be effective. Our house is on the dividing line of the two counties. Cherry is now in another county, so she is quite safe."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Say, which one of you fellows own that grey Packard out in the road?" It was "one of the county's cops."

"I do. Where have you been?" Billy queried.

"Getting a warrant for you. You're charged with killing six chickens, breaking down a fence, scaring a cow, and doing ninety miles per through a town."

"What!" Billy was too stunned to speak and his face was a study of amazement. Janice began to laugh gleefully.

"Oh, Billy, you look so funny!" And as he swung round to her, she turned to the officer.

"You have the wrong car. The car you want is out in my garage. This gentleman," pointing to Billy, "was following his sister, who was with my brother, and my brother was driving the car you're after. Do you see?"

"We-cl," the officer began. He couldn't quite follow the explanation. "I saw that the license numbers didn't tally, but I knew it was a gray car, so I figured the license didn't matter much."

"Well, of all the blockheads—," Billy exploded.

"Never mind, Billy, it was a natural mistake." Janice winked wisely at him.

"Natural mis—? Good night!" he muttered, rumpling his hair and walking away.

"Well," the officer said briskly, "I'll have to take your brother in to the Judge." Again Janice smiled sweetly.

"Oh, but you can't. You remember we

live on the dividing line, and John is in Saxon County now."

"Say, is all that hokum true, about this house being divided—?" Billy asked the representative of the law.

"On the dividing line, Billy," Janice corrected softly.

"Yep, it's true," the law replied, adding on sudden thought, "now I'll have to arrest you."

"You'll do what—?" Billy yelled. "Well, I guess not!"

"But I have to arrest somebody," the cop begged. There was a moment's silence, while Billy looked his disgust, which suddenly changed into a broad smile.

"I'll tell you what! You can't arrest me, but to prove to you that I bear you no ill feeling for the attempted arrest, I'll sell you my car for a hundred dollars. Think of it! A nice, new Packard, fully equipped, driven only a few miles, for one hundred dollars. Is it a go?"

And the unsuspecting cop gave Billy a hundred dollars, fixed the car, drove away, and was arrested for killing six chickens, etcetera.

Back at the house once more—

"But, Billy, how will you get your car back?" The newlyweds had disappeared.

"That's easy. Just go down and identify it after that cop is arrested. He can't prove anything, so I'll get my car. A ten dollar bill to the Judge, and the cop will be free. And no one will pay for the chickens and things. See—?"

"Billy, you're a perfect bandit," Janice laughed.

"And the next thing I steal will be a kiss—from you."

Louise Walsh.



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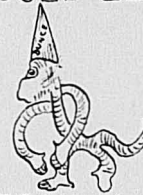
SENIOR



JUNIOR



SOPHOMORE



FRESHIE

AS THEY THINK WE ARE.

Lambda Gamma Chi

The Beta Chapter of the Lambda Gamma Chi entertained with a rush tea at Miss A. Downey's home, October the thirtieth. Announcement of the following pledges is made by the Beta Chapter of the sorority. Cecilia Kurt, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Helen Griffin, Frances Harrington, Dorothy Hackett, Kathleen Rode and Josephine Fetters.

Earlier in the season, the following officers were elected: Mary E. Stokes, President; Lucia Berger, Vice-President and Publicity Agent; Adah Downey, Secretary; Virginia Kable, Treasurer.

Another social event in the form of a bridge tea is to be given November twenty-seventh at Virginia Kable's home to establish a closer acquaintance between the members and the pledges. The Initiation is scheduled to take place December the eleventh.

A Christmas dance is being planned for December the twenty-eighth, at the Blue Hills Country Club, by the Lambda Gamma Chi sorority.

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Red Tape! How often one hears that phrase spoken in an exasperating tone. It is the bane of a business man's existence. Red Tape! How can a narrow strip of red cotton cloth throw business into turmoil. Oh, but it is not that kind of tape. Red Tape to a business man means the same as wasted time. Red Tape is the preceding and generally useless arguments or actions that always take place before the real business can be reached. Take for instance, a law case. Before a final decision can be reached the case must be tried before the circuit court, the court of appeals, and the supreme court. All red tape! The same can be applied to graduation. Before one can graduate one must pass examinations in history, science, languages, mathematics. Very much red tape to the student. Red tape, literally, means red colored tape used for typing official documents. How it ever came to mean wasted time no one knows, unless it could be explained by the word "official." But no one bothers to analyze it. They simply dismiss it under the term Americanism.

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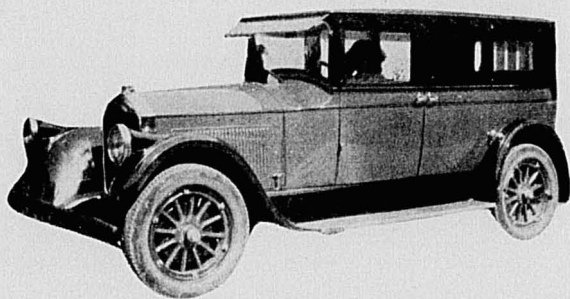
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Over The

A Day On the Road

Our destination was Colorado and our means of travel a motor car. By "our" I mean my family—father, mother, sister and I. We had been traveling two days and on the morning of this, our third day, we set out with light hearts after a very hard night and a breakfast that was hard to digest. So, bidding goodbye to the hotel and at the same time hoping never to see it again, we entered our waiting car.

We had been on the road two hours when the sky began to show signs of rain. Dad immediately decided to make the next town before the rain and was doing very nicely when we met with a threefold disaster—the rain started, the car stopped abruptly, refusing to go farther, and facing us was that horrors of all motorists, a sign reading "Detour 12 miles." Upon investigating, we found the trouble to be an empty gas tank, caused by a leak. It was thought best to wait until the downpour had passed before attempting to remedy our situation.

While we were waiting, I decided to observe the scenery, thinking it would prove useful when school and English classes opened in the fall. Stretching ahead of us until it disappeared over the brow of the hill was the rough rock road from which we were barred. To the right and left as far as the eye could see stretched green fields of alfalfa, now vivid and glistening in the rain. Overhead the heavy gray clouds hung low and threatening, and over the whole landscape hung the steamlike moisture like the gauze screen in a theatre.

At last a car bearing a young man who proved to be a mechanic, approached. He speedily remedied our troubles by repairing the tank and selling us some of his own gasoline. We then attacked the detour and its twelve miles of mud.

Mary Savage, '27

"Way Out West in Kansas"

A lovely cool morning and a refreshing breeze! What more could be asked by tourists? Indeed, we desired no more as we started through the golden wheat fields of Western Kansas. The Sun took on various hues of rose and lavender as it came up in the east, and the road stretched out like an endless strip of ribbon, winding in and out among the fields, disappearing and reappearing, each time smaller, and gleaming in the early morning sunlight. As we sped along with our many companions for all parts of the country, the cool breezes blew gently in our faces and although very destructive

to marceles, were cool and refreshing at any rate. The wheat swayed gently to and fro—rippling like an ocean of gold.

Now we enter a part of the country where threshers have been working and the fields are covered with uniform stacks of wheat. I close my eyes for a minute and imagine a moon, pumpkins, and a black cat, silhouetted against the sky. "Hallowe'en," you would immediately say, but no!—merely a deserted wheat-field a month hence.

And so for miles and miles we traveled, passing from one picturesque scene to another, until we came to the end of our journey, weary and tired but very happy.

Virginia Kable, '21

A Week's Touring in the Mountains

We had decided to make Denver our headquarters and to see all that it was possible for us to see of that city and its surrounding territory in one week.

The first day, just as an entree, we took a short drive up Bear Creek Canyon, stopping at the beautiful Troutdale Hotel, and on over Lookout Mountain. That was my first trip up into the mountains and it is one which I shall never forget. In this particular section of the mountains there are millions of fine trees. Even now, as I write of them, I can see their graceful outline, recall their fragrant odor, and hear that gentle murmur which echoes and re-echoes constantly. Then as I began to realize that we were slowly ascending, I felt an indescribable thrill. I waited expectantly for my head to start aching, for my nose to start bleeding, for my ears to start pounding, but oddly enough none of these things happened. I have learned since that these sensations are only for those who have heart trouble or high blood pressure. My next thrill came when we began our descent. It was such an odd feeling to look down and see the winding road below and to realize that we would soon be zig-zagging back and forth upon it.

The next day we went to Estes Park, a good half day's journey, which entailed winding in and out many canyons amid gorgeous scenery. In some places there would be only the bare rocks—then again the beautiful pine trees, numerous cherry orchards, and an abundance of wild flowers. We spent a pleasant afternoon and evening in Estes Park and returned to Denver the following day by way of the Big Thompson Canyon, which, according to authentic report, is

rivalled in scenic beauty only by the Grand Canyon.

Thursday, we drove to Colorado Springs, that far-famed summer resort which is directly south of Denver. We spent an enjoyable day in and about this city, visiting the Seven Falls, The Cave of the Winds, and the Garden of the Gods.

Our last day, Friday, we drove up Pikes' Peak. That trip was, indeed, the week's climax. Our car was a heavy sedan, not regulated for such a high altitude and it was only after many halts that we finally reached the summit of the world famous mountain. It was a memorable climb, however, and a scene which was well worth seeing awaited us—that view, with snow on the ground in the summer time, and gauze-like clouds wavering below.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, '27

Our Trip to Harper's Ferry

One of our most interesting drives this summer was from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Our object in going to Harper's Ferry was to view the place of John Brown's Raid.

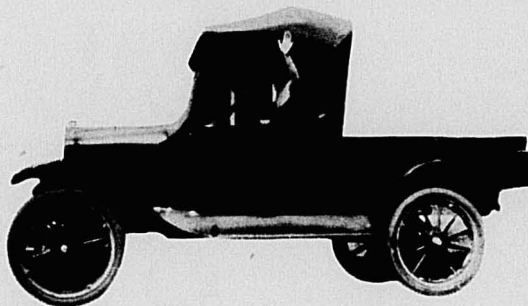
The road, though mountainous, was smooth concrete. Here and there on either side of the road were farmhouses with their little gardens and fields. The range of mountains through which we were driving were the Alleghenies. Sometimes, we were twenty-four hundred feet high and then we would go down into the valley, only to go up another steep mountain. At times you could see the mountain peaks high above the clouds.

Finally we reached Harper's Ferry. We immediately engaged a guide to show us the interesting sights. He first drove us up a high mountain and explained to us that from the place where we were standing three states and two rivers could be seen. The state of Maryland was to our left, and the state of Virginia to our right. We were standing in West Virginia, and looking down, we saw the junction of the Shenandoah River and the Potomac River. The first is muddy, while the Potomac is so clear and blue that rocks at the bottom are plainly seen.

The guide then showed us John Brown's Fort and the relics of Brown's day. Brown's monument is down by the railroad station. The guide explained that it was placed there so that the people on the trains who do not have time to stop may see the monument.

On returning to Gettysburg, we stopped

Highways



for a few minutes in Frederick, Maryland, the home of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." Here also lived Barbara Fritchie, famous in song and poetry.

Mary Ryan, '27

A Trip Through California

Arriving at San Francisco by boat at 3 in the afternoon, we saw the Golden Gate in all its splendor. The sun turned the water from blue to gold far up into the bay. We stayed here for several days, and, in one of numerous trips through the city, we stayed at the old mission. Just a small chapel is left standing, and, after I had seen some of the other missions, this seemed to be the most tumbled down of all. On another trip we visited the State University at Berkeley with its large, natural amphitheater, the stone seats of which have been given by various classes and students.

Leaving San Francisco early one morning, we drove south through Palo Alto, where we visited Stanford University. The chapel there seemed to me the most wonderful of buildings. The entire building inside and out being done in mosaic.

That evening we arrived in Santa Barbara. The next day we visited the Santa Barbara Mission. It has a wonderful old Spanish atmosphere with its old fountain in front and its gardens. A monk showed us through rooms, filled with curios, and through the church. Then we climbed the tower to look over the surrounding hills and plains and down into the Sacred Garden of the monks. In the afternoon we visited an estate copied after an Italian villa. The long marble steps, bordered on each side by cypress trees, leading down to a line of marble pools seemed to take one from the Spain of the morning into Italy. The evening spent at the hotel, which is built in Persian style, was a finishing touch to the day. A full moon shone over the rounded doorways and mosque-like buildings into fountains full of sparkling water and one was carried away, as if on a magic carpet into Persia.

The next day we were forced to leave and drive on to the bustling, present day city of Los Angeles. After several days spent here we went on toward San Diego, driving most of the way along the beach. We stopped at San Juan Capistrano for lunch and visited the old mission. There are just a few rugged walls standing. The chapel built of stone by the Indians was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake and was never rebuilt. Crossing San Diego bay, which is sometimes called

the Silver Gate, and well deserves this name, we arrived at our destination, Coronado Beach.

Dorothy Hackett, '27

A Trip to the Ozarks

It was on a somewhat cloudy day in the early part of August that my mother and brother and I started from St. Louis on a motor trip to the Ozarks. The first fifty miles of the road were paved and took us through numerous little suburbs, all fresh and clean and unlike the big city which we had left. The lay of the land just south of St. Louis is quite level, but as we went still farther south the road wound through a much more hilly and woody region. It was indeed woody—the foliage being so thick that from a distance it looked like soft, green velvet. One of the most charming little places I have ever seen was on this road to the "Pride of Missouri," the Ozarks. We were riding—I should say speeding—along at fifty miles an hour, taking hill and dip with the rate that thrilled, when we came upon the most adorable little log cabin hid among the trees. An artistic sign, which read:

DEVIL'S ELBOW

Spring Water

arrested us and we stopped. The spring water was refreshingly cold and revived our spirits. After exploring the grounds surrounding the cabin in order to limber our cramped limbs, we continued our journey. Early in the afternoon, the storm, which had been brewing for sometime, broke. Never have I seen it rain so hard. We should have made more progress in a boat. It continued to rain all afternoon, which hindered our progress somewhat, but yet added to the beauty of the scenery by bringing back a vivid green to all the wilted foliage and by making the distant forest wear the hues of early spring. From here on the road followed a winding course over rolling hills and valleys, dotted here and there by a newly-painted farmhouse and small but attractive villages.

Time passed quickly and it seemed we had traveled only a short distance when we reached our destination, Springfield.

Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '27

A Day in San Francisco

About four years ago my parents and I spent the summer in California, stopping for awhile in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Pasadena, and other cities.

To me the most interesting was San Francisco. We arrived there about the middle of July and stopped at the Palace Hotel for several weeks. We spent the first few days shopping as usual, for of course mother wanted to see the stores and get some clothes. Of course, I wasn't interested in clothes.

After shopping around for a few days, we decided to go sightseeing. We started out early one morning and walked down to the pier. After taking a trip on the ferry, we walked farther down the row of docks where someone had told us a captured German submarine was anchored, and after inquiring around for awhile we found it. Dad, by tipping the sailor on guard, obtained admittance for us. It was a very interesting sight to see the engine rooms, the torpedoes, and the bunks of the crew. These bunks were not more than a foot high, with one right on top of the other, clear up to the ceiling. How anyone was ever able to get into them, and get any air after they were in is more than I can see.

Later we drove out to the beach, which I enjoyed very much as it was the first time I had seen the ocean, and to see the sea gulls glide out, then dip into the ocean so softly is certainly a lovely sight.

Leaving the beach, we drove to San Gabriel Mission. The scenery along the way, with huge palm trees scattered here and there, was beautiful. The Mission was very interesting. Its type of old Spanish architecture in such a setting was really beautiful. An old Padre took us through, explaining the different sights, of which the most interesting to me were the paintings on the walls of the chapel, said to have been painted by Indians years ago. They were genuine works of Art.

Then, as the day was drawing to a close, we went back to the Hotel, feeling that we had seen at least some of the sights of the golden West and had spent a very profitable day.

Billie Bellport, '27

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1926-1928

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Editorial

The associations, events and training shared at school unite us one to the other and even establish a sort of personal affinity. This comradeship is surely too fine a thing to last no longer than the circumstances that brought it about—and to this end our Alumnae serves us splendidly.

Upon leaving school we experience a widening and diversification of interests which steadily increase in number and urgency as the years go on. None of us would wish to lose contact with our companions of school days nor sever the bond uniting us to our Alma Mater; were it not for the Alumnae, however, the remorseless demand of the present and immediate interest would consume most of us to the extent that old days, old friends and old ideals tested fine would be forgotten.

In cooperating with the Alumnae and joining in the spirit thereof we are but responding gratefully as the recipients of a precious gift, for the Alumnae affords us the means whereby the years at school so laden down with gifts be not entirely lost or perhaps but vaguely and indifferently remembered.

Fellow Members!

Subscribe to the Gleam and read your Alumnae News! Current events and interesting data on members and activities of the Alumnae are the main features of the Alumnae Section. At the same time read the school accounts and keep up on what is doing at Saint Teresa. You owe it to yourself to be a live and intelligent unit in your Alumnae organization. Subscribe to the Gleam, the official school publication. Four copies each year,

only one dollar and a half. It is well worth it.

Send your subscription to Miss Catherine Dever, Saint Teresa College, 5600 Main street. You might remember a friend by sending a gift subscription, too.

Mrs. Margaret Scurry, '10, on behalf of the Alumnae wishes to make formal announcement of the winner of the annual prize given by the Alumnae for the best literary production. Miss Kathleen Soden, '25, won first place, with Miss Catherine Muehlschuster, '24-'26, first honorable mention, and Miss Mary Cecilia Kurt, '24, second honorable mention. Miss Frances Helm, '20, and Miss Helen Stewart, '19, served on the literary board of which Mrs. Scurry was chairman.

Our Book Luncheon

The Literary Department of the Saint Teresa Alumnae held its first book luncheon at the Kansas City Club, Saturday, November 13. The subject for discussion was a timely one, *The Miracle*, that masterpiece pantomime which has overshadowed all theatrical projects of the past few years, and is soon to be presented to Kansas City audiences.

The speakers, Miss Frances Helm, Miss Dorothy Murphy, and Miss Helen Stewart, most adequately sustained their role and are to be congratulated on their initial effort in this regard.

Miss Stewart in discussing the theatrical production and the man behind the *Miracle*, gave an interesting account of the development of the staging mechanics, how these were conceived and executed, by closely interweaving the life stories of the men responsible for the production, of whom the outstanding ones are Morris Gest, Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes.

Miss Murphy gave the theme of the story in a concise but most appealing form. The allegorical significance of this epic of human struggle was beautifully explained. God's infinite mercy as shown by the Virgin's servitude for the faithless nun who so tragically typifies mortal frailty when she yields to the promise of the song of the piper, representing temptation, and all the subtle significance of the play were stressed.

In Miss Stewart's collection of the criticisms of the *Miracle* by great Catholic minds a wide divergence of opinion prevailed. The reaction of one critic to the production was that it exploited religion, made it the hand maiden of art, and submerged its real meaning beneath

a flood of emotionalism. Another noted a patient effort at reverence throughout the pantomime and considered that production possessed great educational possibilities if rightfully viewed. The tribute of a third was that the *Miracle* was a most powerful antidote for modern ante-Catholicism and presented our religion to the world in the only form it would be likely to behold it.

These book luncheons are indeed something to anticipate with pleasure for they fill a long felt want. Each time an outstanding book or play will be comprehensively reviewed, so besides the pleasure of seeing our friends at regular intervals we shall have a bit of enlightenment, too. Many times the hurdy-gurdy of everyday life does not afford leisurely and systematic reading and our literary contacts are too often haphazard and infrequent reading is a queer thing, too, for in a sort of inverse ratio, what we put into our reading, so much we get out of it. An individual reading just by the way misses many times the most salient points of a book, or, if just a trifle mentally weary, fails to emphasize them. We shall profit, therefore, by the organized and concentrated effort of our speakers whose prepared reviews shall interest and entertain us.

I. F. C. A. City Circle Meeting

A meeting of the City Circle of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held at the Hotel Muehlebach Saturday, November 6, Miss Susan Corrigan, regent, presiding. Miss Losh of the Children's Bureau gave a very interesting talk on the necessity of establishing a health bureau for the annual examination of children from infant age to six years in the parochial schools. Some of the parochial schools have carried on this work in the past, but the demand now is that this be done in a more systematic and business like manner. A motion was passed to the effect that each Alumnae president appoint a committee in her Alumnae who will secure voluntary aid to further this work.

It was advised that the Press Chairman of each Alumnae send to the State Historian press notices, clippings and any other printed Alumnae news in order to record Alumnae events, chronologically.

An interesting announcement was that the Chicago Chapter of the I. F. C. A. had brought suit against Edna Ferber for certain misleading passages in *The Show Boat*.

Enclosed find check for \$1.50, Gleam subscription.

Name.....

Address.....

FLICKERINGS

Among Ourselves

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Burnett announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Ann, to Mr. Alfred Straufass. Miss Burnett has chosen January 26 for her wedding day. Miss Burnett was a member of the class of '21.

Miss Katherine Rose Dierks, '23-'25, has chosen January as the month for her marriage to Mr. Herman Hodes. Miss Mary Stoller, her cousin, and Miss Helen Purcell, both of the class of twenty-three, are to be her bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Helm announce the engagement of their daughter Dorothy, to Mr. Joseph Geisel. The wedding will take place some time during the month of May. Miss Helm graduated in '19.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Virginia Thomasson, '23, to Mr. Paul Cottingham. Mr. and Mrs. Cottingham are at home in Lincoln, Ill.

One of the summer marriages of interest was that of Miss Margaret Fisher '22-'24, and Mr. Elwood Doyle. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle are at home at 218 Brush Creek Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Hutchings announce the birth of a son whom they have named Robert Soden Hutchings. Mrs. Hutchings was Miss Vernita Hackett, '21.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Byrne announce the birth of a daughter whom they have named Betty Lou. Mrs. Byrne was Miss Emma Sidenfaden, class of '19.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wolcott announce the birth of a daughter whom they have named Dorsey Jean. Mrs. Wolcott was Miss Elizabeth Dorsey, '23.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bruening Zahner announce the birth of a daughter whom they have named Margaret Morley Zahner. Mrs. Zahner was Miss Margaret Morley, '23.

Misses Anna Bird and Willa Mae Brown, '23, and '23-'25, are at home in Parkville, Mo.

Miss Marion Grady, '25, is a student at Iowa University this year.

Miss Marceline Pendergast, '25, has returned to National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland, where she is a Senior.

Notice

Any Alumnae news will be welcomed by the editor, Genevieve Dillon, 4510 Mill Creek Parkway. Westport 2919.

* * *

Please call Miss Elizabeth Burnett, Hiland 0328, to distribute any clothing you may have to be given to needy families.

Our Membership List

Our Alumnae membership list is much in need of revision. Marriage and change of address has rendered our present list totally inadequate. We ask your co-operation to the extent that change of name or address be promptly reported to the Alumnae secretary.

KATHLEEN McDONALD,
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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART
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Ins and Outs

The dancing classes are advancing with ease and grace. The college girls are devoting much time to the clog and shuffle, while the younger set are confined to the more graceful forms of folk and interpretative dancing.

* * *

We are very happy to have for our Expression instructor this year one of our "own girls," Miss Grace Engleman, who finished last year at Leland-Powers School in Boston. Miss Engleman is doing some very interesting work in debate and public speaking.

Miss Engleman succeeds Miss Joe Zelma Smith who was recently married to Mr. A. B. Taylor.

* * *

Under the direction of Muriel Curry, our "New Idea Orchestra" is making great strides toward the musical program for the Christmas pageant. The only competition with which it meets is the "Rhythm Orchestra" of the primary grades who excel in the gazoo and tamboourine.

* * *

Professor Crosse was with us November 6. The usual "tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth" was evident among the music pupils until he was seen leaving the front entrance. In spite of all the fear he inspired Mr. Crosse's comments were favorable (as far as we know).

* * *

Many of the students attended the first of the series of the Kansas City Little Symphony concerts, "Hansel and Gretel," which was presented November 16 at Ivanhoe Temple.

* * *

Have you noticed how dressed up Mary Catherine McCusker, Gladys Grouse and Bridget Doherty are in their Windmoor creations? Miss Carmody's classes in Domestic Art and Science are doing some very interesting work.

* * *

The Alumnae of St. Teresa entertained the Kansas City Diocesan Council of the N. C. C. W. at the college October 17. Following a business meeting of the Alumnae, tea was served. During the hour the following program was given:

Piano—Arabesque *Leschetizky*
Miss Catherine Clarke

Reading—The Angel and The Sheaves
Miss Catherine Muehlschuster

Violin—Adoration *Borowski*
Miss Muriel Curry

Voice—The Heart at Thy Sweet Voice
Saint-Saens

Daddy's Sweetheart *Lehman*
Miss Bernice Smith

Accompanists—
Miss Gladys Grouse
Miss Isabelle Glick

A hearty welcome was extended to our visitors, and short addresses were made by the president of Kansas City Council

and the delegate from Washington. Miss Lynch briefly outlined the interesting work of the National Council. Her engaging discussion concluded the program of the afternoon.

* * *

"There's music in the air!" As soon as the sound of Armour's seven o'clock whistle dies away, "La, lay, lee, lo, loo," comes floating through the transoms around the circle. There are many new and promising vocalists to join the ranks of our former songsters. Miss Bernice Smith will appear in recital in February.

* * *

Our distinguished visitors November 12 were none other than Dr. Tisdell, Dr. Robbins and Dr. Stephens of the University of Missouri. They were welcome visitors in many departments of our institution.

* * *

After a much-enjoyed vacation the "old" students and some new ones assemble in the studio bubbling over with enthusiasm. The study of ceramic art seems to have scored a goodly number of workers. Also commercial drawing which includes the portrayal of the human figure for magazine illustration. Water color, oil and polychrome work are all very popular, especially as the gitt season approaches.

* * *

The Freshmen Academic Class were charming "little" hostesses on October 27 when they entertained the rest of the "kiddies" of St. Teresa. There was a program to which each class contributed many games and dancing. The sentiment of the entire group was expressed when someone unthinkingly quoted Shakespeare "Ain't We Got Enjoyment?"

* * *

The Junior College Class has accomplished their first step toward contributing to the Mission Fund. The gym was a hub-bub of feminine voices—needless to say, it was a bridge party. Clever little handpainted kerchiefs were used as table prizes, and everyone had the opportunity to win the general prizes which included two dainty boudoir pillows, a "love-bird" lamp, a colored glass bonbon dish, a bridge set, stationery, and a silver compact.

The class was well satisfied with the result of their endeavors, and were glad to help such a worthy cause.

* * *

Early in November a meeting was held in the Study Hall to elect officers who will direct the Mission activities for the scholastic year. The following students were chosen:

President—Mary Margaret Connole.
Vice-President—Frances Hogan.
Secretary—Mary Ryan.
Treasurer—Bertha DeLay.
Shield Reporter—Virginia Kable.

* * *

The Senior Academic class initiated the Mission program for the year by a raffle of "Madame Collette," a French doll. Dorothy Buzby, a former student, is the proud possessor of Collette.

A Christmas Program

By the Lower School.

Ballet Music from Rosamonde.....*Schubert*
St. Teresa Orchestra

Perpetual Motion*Bohm*
Virginia Rice

Christmas Secrets—

COUSINS: Martha Hall Johnson, Barbara Barton, Barbara Ann Porter, Madeline Berry, Genevieve Zahner

LITTLE WAIF: Marie Berger

BROWNIES: Marguerite Azar, Betty Murphy, Mary Helen Wheeler, Eugenia Koch, Virginia Kramer

CHRISTMAS SPRITE: Bruce Barton
Souvenir de Weniawski*Haesche*
Muriel Curry

Under the Holly.....*Seredy*
St. Teresa Orchestra

A Herald of Joy—

THE PROLOGUE.....Jane Gail Gross

THE HERALD.....Ruth Steer

EARTHHelen Dooley

PEOPLE: Josephine Sweeney, Mildred Mulloy, Marguerite Fettes, Frances Pearson

THE CHILDREN: Helen Diltz, Mary E. Hickox, Mary Lou Riley, Virginia Hatch, Susan Engleman, Mary E. Finney

STAR OF BETHLEHEM: Delphine Meyer
STARS: Gwendolyn d'Hemecourt, Jane Gail Gross, Marian Newcomer, Helen Kramer, Helen Watrous, Alma Jane Wirthman

SNOWFLAKES: Frances Fisher, Mary Harrington, Catherine Ann Murphy, Theodotta Sweeney, Martha Downey, Betty Curtis White

CHARITY: Mary McCallum
Tableau

Epilogue.....Mary E. Finney
Lilacs*Kern*

St. Teresa Orchestra

Attend the CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1926
3:30 P. M.

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Her hair to grow out in a hurry.
To lose those superfluous pounds on
a "Chocolate Fudge Sundae" diet.
To make "E" in all solids.
To wear number three and a half
shoes again.

Ten Years Ago

The Seniors were in the second grade.
The Juniors were in the first, the Sophomores were in the Kindergarten, and the Freshmen were "just kids."

Now the Seniors are sometimes a little dignified and conceited, the Juniors aspire to the same dignity and conceit, the Sophomores are soon to be Juniors, and the Freshies are "just kids."

Ten years from now the present Seniors will be teachers or in other professions or married, the Juniors the same, the Sophomores likewise, and the Freshmen will be "just kids."—Here's to the Freshmen!

We Wonder

If Lucille Eckhard gets a discount at Sears, Roebuck and Company?

If Catherine Dever can keep her feet still?

If Marie Fletcher can tell time?

Why Virginia Hamill "stews" over her lessons so much?

Why Bertha is always De-Lay(ed)?

Why it "ha(1)pins" that Thelma Heenan never misses anything?

Where Vivian Caughlin got her vocal training?

Where the Key of Irene Hauseman's heart is?

Where Florence Dooley learned to do the Charleston?

Why Marie McNamara doesn't get an amplifier?

What nationality the Dohertys are?

Thelma, do you care for codfish balls?

Why, er—a—I don't believe I ever attended any—

Miss Stewart (after vainly asking a question for the seventh time): What would you have done if I should have given a test today?

Lucille Eckhard: I would have studied last night!

Sister: What is the moving spirit of the age?

Charmain: Gasoline.

Fairy Tales

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Glad to see you."

"Just open your mouth, it won't hurt a bit."

"Too busy to write."

"No; I wouldn't even think of running for that."

Who thinks the Peace movement is a new dance?

Typical of Dorothy Donnell. "The Ford stopped at the curb and *eighteen* men got out."

"How many subjects are you carrying?"

"Carrying? Why, I am dragging four!"

The bell is ringing! Why don't you answer it?

Mary Catherine: I can't talk bell language.

Teacher: What is the ultimate consumer?

Wise Girl: It is I, the one who eats last when there's company.

"I'll look into this immediately," said Thelma—as she grabbed her mirror.

Bertha: I am asking you for the last time for your class dues.

Mary Margaret: Well, I'm glad to know that that is the end of a silly question.

"That man is the ugliest person I ever saw."

"Not so loud! You're forgetting yourself."

Pet Sayings

Trenetta Grogan: "Now, if this isn't the raspberry."

Mary Regina Stevenson: "Ye Gods."

Maxine Gash: "For crying out in the night."

Mary Catherine Kerns: "Oh, my yes."

Dorothy Jane: "In a case like that."

Helen Skinner: "Oh, Bugs."

Lucille Smith: "Be your age."

Helen Graziano: "Good Gravy."

Elsa Buchanan: "Isn't that darling."

Katherine Meiners: "My Cow."

Bernie Allen, '29

Mary Virginia Downey

The Girls At School

There are small ones,
And there are tall ones;
There are sad ones,
And there are glad ones;
But we're all from Windmoor,
And we're coming in more and more—
That's the Freshman Class.

Maxine Gash, '29

On the sixteenth of November in twenty-six

Mary Virginia is up to her tricks.
Gleam material she is working on.
She'll be finished just about dawn.
There's a joke and many a rhyme.
My goodness, how can she get the time?
But is she clever? Oh, my yes!
I'm positive the reason is this—
She's a Freshman!

Dorothy Jane Dickman, '30

We're on our way to the top of the steps, though slow but sure.

Mary Alice Murphy, '30

Eileen O'Hearn, '30

C. Dever: Catherine, we have a horny toad downstairs—what shall I do with it?

C. Clark (who lives in New Mexico, where horny toads abound): I'd go down and play with it, but I'm afraid I'd get homesick.

How?

(An assignment in one of our classes)
"For tomorrow, be able to put the table on the board."

Could You Imagine—

Teacher (referring to problem):
"Now, girls! Watch the board and I'll go through it."

Ambition

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."
If we had the aspiration,
Brains enough and lots of time.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives a rhyme
If we use our brains enough,
And take up less of teacher's time.

Mary Catherine Loftus, '30

Old lady (to traffic officer): "Please, sir, can you see me across the street?"

Traffic officer: "Sure! I've got as good eyes as anyone on the force!"

—Selected.

"Between Two Fires"

Dear Ted:

Mother has finally consented to my coming. Will arrive on 5:30 o'clock bus. As ever,

PAT.

"Ye gods, Jerry, read this." Ted thrust the telegram into the hands of his puzzled roommate. "What in Samhill am I going to do? Lola is coming at six-thirty by train and Pat at five-thirty on the bus."

"You win the prize. How did you come to ask both of them, you idiot?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. I go steady with Pat at home and naturally asked her to the Prom. Her mother wouldn't let her come. Now the honorable lady has consented, and without another word Pat picks up and comes. In the meantime I've asked Lola. Whatta mess!"

"Yes, you're right. It's a mess all right, and neither one of them is going to make it any easier for you. Say, by the way, which one of them would you rather take?"

"Well—er—I—I'd hate to make Pat mad. I suppose—yes, I'd rather ditch Lola. Why?"

"Nothing; just wanted to know." With a knowing grin Jerry let the matter drop for the present.

Five-thirty came, and Ted with a sick feeling went to the bus to meet Pat.

"Oh, Ted, I'm so glad mother let me come, aren't you?"

"You bet." Mentally, Ted blessed Pat's mother for her part in the affair.

Six-thirty came. Making a poor excuse to Pat, Ted left her in Jerry's care and with a still sicker feeling went to meet Lola. Seven o'clock found Ted,

wondering and perplexed, still pacing up and down the platform of the little station waiting for the next train. It passed. No Lola! As Ted wondered what to do next the station master called from his window:

"Are you Ted Joyce?"

"Yes."

"Telephone."

Ted's feeling of relief flew to the four winds when Jerry's voice sounded from the other end of the wire:

"If you intend to take Pat to the Prom you'd better hustle on over here. She's getting mighty hard to handle."

"But Jerry, Lola hasn't come."

"Well, whatta you kicking about? Sort of lets you down easy, doesn't it?"

Ted wondered at Jerry's offhand manner; however, he took his roommate's advice and went back to Pat to be received with icy aloofness and cutting sarcasm.

When dark-eyed, vivacious little Pat stood before Ted that evening all ready for the dance in her chic rose taffeta frock Ted completely forgot about Lola. Pat herself melted before Ted's admiration and forgot the afternoon of neglect. The Prom was going to be a success after all as far as Ted and Pat were concerned.

Nevertheless Ted's thoughts often flew to Lola in the course of the evening and at these times his glance wandered suspiciously to Jerry who was amusing himself "cutting in" where he was least welcome. At last Ted decided to speak to Jerry about it.

"Look here, Jerry, how much do you know about this?"

"About what? Are you practicing to be a prosecuting attorney? If you are, pick on someone else."

"You know very well I'm talking about Lola not showing up this evening."

"And why should I know anything about it?"

"You do, though. You're getting an awful kick out of it, anyway."

"Who wouldn't? Well, Ted, old man, I suppose the hour has come for the guilty one to denounce himself. When you burst in on me this afternoon, I was just ready to give you this, but after reading Pat's telegram I decided to keep it. You see I knew from whom it was." With this, Jerry handed Ted an envelope addressed in Lola's familiar handwriting.

Ten minutes later Ted had gotten no farther than the opening lines, "So sorry, but I've sprained my ankle and I can't possibly make the Prom!"

—M. M. S., '27.

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Athletics

Physical Education is never looked upon except with pleasure by any of us, and we can all agree it is certainly a joy, if nothing more, with Miss Catherine King as our instructor. She expects a great deal from the students of Windmoor. Girls, let us not disappoint her. We have the pep and it must have some outlet, so be sure to plan on making the basket ball team. It is really surprising how well one feels after an hour's practice in the gym. Try it! One more consolation—It has a very "taking off" effect for our "heavies" who diet in vain. We have only one regret for this season, and that is the loss of "Billie" Bellport, whose ability to handle a basketball was remarkable. We trust that next year she will be with us again.

Volley Ball

The Volley Ball tournament first claimed the interest of the students in the high school and the grades. As usual, much time and energy was expended in practice for the real games, and we can hardly say it was in vain as the games proved to be close and exciting. In the lower school, the seventh grade were the victors twice, and thus gained the right to play with the Freshmen early in October, and though the younger members fought bravely they were defeated.

On the day of the Freshmen-Sophomore battle, everybody but the band was present to witness the contest. It was even a closer game than was anticipated with all the scores tied until the last play, when the deciding point went to the Sophs. Mary Virginia Downey distinguished herself as a volley ball star, winning a game with the exception of one point, single-handed.

October the eighteenth we saw an even and exciting game, as the Juniors and Seniors met on the field. After a "real game" we are proud to say, the Juniors were victorious. The pennant was still unclaimed. It would take just one more victory for Sophomores or Juniors before either could obtain it. The final game was called for the twenty-eighth of October, and very bravely the players fought amid the encouraging cheers of the onlookers. The game was decided in favor of the Sophomores, and they carried off the much sought pennant. The captains of the teams in the various classes were M. E. Fenney, M. Harrington, M. Fetters, M. V. Downey, M. Snow, J. Havel and B. Bellport.

Basketball

Though the season is not yet here, many of our "would be" stars have started active work in the gym. We are delighted at the excellent number who have turned out for practice, but we urged that more college girls report. The past two years have been prosperous ones for the basketball teams, and we want 1927 to be even better, if possible. Let us take "Excelsior" as our motto in Athletics. The results will always be satisfactory ones if they come from earnest effort.

No form of sport is being neglected at Windmoor. The bowling alley has been well occupied since two teams of bowlers were formed who spend many recreation periods therein trying to "hit the pins." Taking into consideration the fact that the players are amateurs, and then judging the number of "strikes" and "spares" scored, we are rejoicing in the latent talent which the players hope to develop within the year.

The Best Team Does Not Always Win

Two teams are lined up in the field awaiting the shriek of the whistle that will open the game. The Reds, everyone knows, will easily win. Their team consists of better and more experienced players than the Blues. And, too, the Reds had been training and practicing constantly since they first received the challenge. On the other hand, the Blues seem almost amateurs beside their opponents, and they are visibly nervous and worried. The whistle blows, the ball is put into action, and the Reds begin to play confidently and arrogantly. But slips occur in the best of plans, and the "do or die" determination of the Blues piled up the winning score. Which only goes to show that the best team doesn't always win.

—Louise Walsh, '26-'28

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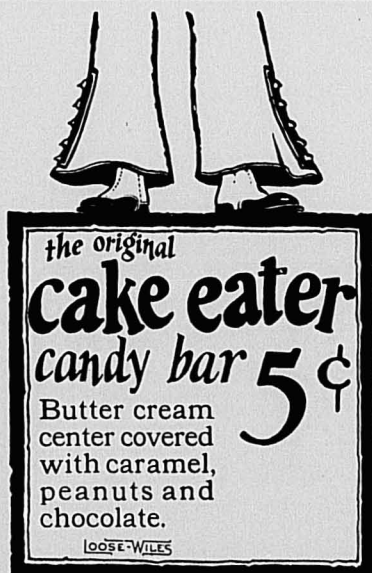
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